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an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of Lafayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life. Is a voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that when the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder, stunning, rending, crushing, annihilating thousands on every side, a mark of greatness? Consider his calmness at the tribune, when allied Europe was at the gates of Paris, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. And add to all this the dignity, the propriety, the cheerfulness, the matchless discretion of his conduct, in the strange, new position, in which he was placed in this country. Those who deny such a man the meed of greatness, may award it, if they please, to their Alexanders and Cæsars, their Frederics and their Wellingtons.

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ART. VIII.—*A Year in Spain.* By a Young American.  
Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 8vo. pp. 395.

THE author of this book is certainly a sprightly, sensible, well informed traveller, with great activity of observation, a good talent at narration, and not deficient in the power of presenting scenes and objects to the reader's imagination. In October, 1826, he finds himself at Perpignan in the South of France, which he is the more willing to leave behind for Spain, as he had been disappointed in the scenery, and especially, what he expected to find the most delightful, the vineyards, which, instead of answering to the brilliant picture he had fancied, appeared very like our bean-fields or hop-fields; and as the cold north wind had withered and scattered the vine leaves, and the props, which answer to our bean-poles or hop-poles, had been removed to be housed for the winter, the prospect of the naked fields offered no charms to detain him from passing the Pyrenees. He found little of the Arcadia which he had imagined in this part of France, except the women, whom he admits to be Arcadian and 'beautiful; their glowing eyes and arch expression denoted intelligence and passionate feeling; while their ruddy hue and symmetric conformation gave assurance, that they were both healthy and agile.' In short,

they were very much like the women of many other places, especially those of Spain, whom our youthful traveller omits no occasion of admiring and celebrating, and, we should say, with some excess of enthusiasm, without, however, intending any offence to the Spanish women, who, as well as those of Roussillon, are, we have no doubt, 'most fascinating creatures.'

After being warned over night by an old stationary French captain, at the same inn, of the necessity of being robbed and assassinated in Spain, he finds himself, before daylight in the morning, rattling over the drawbridge of Perpignan, occupying a part of one of the three compartments of that ample portable structure, a French diligence, drawn by two wheel-horses and three leaders abreast, all managed by a postilion who rides the left wheel-horse, a part of his person being inserted into an immense pair of jackboots, and the rest fantastically dressed. But the equipage was not committed wholly to the skill and discretion of this cavalier, who, with the machine and appurtenances, was under the guidance of the director, whose place, prescribed by law, is the round top, or *impérial*, a circular apartment on the top of the diligence, whence he directs its movement, and superintends its management, but from which he had, in the present instance, descended to occupy the cabriolet in front, answering in some degree to the seat of our stage-drivers, where he sat in a sealskin cap, sundry fur jackets, with a red comforter round his neck, contemplating at his leisure the management of the postilion and the progress of the engine. The dawn disclosed his room-mates to be a French captain going to join his regiment at Barcelona, and the wife of a sub-lieutenant going to join her husband, who was at Figueras in the same service, both belonging to the French army of occupation. The parties, thus brought into so near an intimacy, and a part of them for the first time, did not reconnoitre each other with an indifferent or repulsive silence, but seized the first opportunity of some act of politeness, and seemed to be mutually solicitous of making some little sacrifice, each of his own comfort, in behalf of the others. 'The difference between the French,' says our traveller, 'and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost every situation, is, that they endeavor to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses moments*, is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always.

They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin, where duller spirits end, by gaining the good will of all who come near them.'

As seen from Perpignan, says our traveller, the Pyrenees had stood in rugged perspective, rising gradually from the Mediterranean, and bending westward where Mont Perdu reared its snowy head upward until it was lost in the heavens. There are three principal passes across these mountains, the southernmost of which was pursued by our travellers, which winds along towards the Mediterranean coast without ascending to a very great elevation. At Junquera, the first Spanish village, a strict scrutiny was made into the baggage for concealed goods, and more especially for prohibited books, a long list, including more especially the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel, with all the modern metaphysicians and economists, about which the officers were the more inquisitive, as they had shortly before intercepted a Spanish translation of the '*Social Contract*,' invading their territory under the title of the '*Lives of the Saints* ; which made our traveller apprehensive for a copy of the '*Henriade*' in his baggage, for which, however, he conciliated the connivance of the officer by a small bribe, which the representative of the Spanish monarchy at that place, in regard to the article of revenue, hinted, would not be unacceptable to him. The traveller remarks upon the striking contrast in passing the barrier of the two nations. On the French side, the custom-house officers are snugly sheltered ; *gendarmes*, well accoutred and well mounted, patrol the country in pursuit of robbers, and for the protection of the inhabitants in their avocations ; and all those employed about the custom-house are remarkable for the cleanliness and uniformity of their dress. On the Spanish side, miserable looking *aduaneros* crawl forth with paper cigars in their mouths, in old cocked hats of oiled cloth and tattered cloaks, from ruinous mud hovels. Every man carries a gun for the protection of his person and property.

Descending on the Spanish side, the scene gradually softens, and the valleys are covered with wheat, vines, and olives, and the hills fringed with cork trees.

'This useful production is known in Spain by the name of *alcornoque*. It is a species of the *encina*, which, though of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same

grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told, that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork tree grows to the height of our apple tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old; but is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.' p. 17.

Passing through Figueras, remarkable for the strength of its fortifications, and Gerona, no less remarkable, according to the author, as the scene of one of the labors of Hercules, on the way to Tordera, the diligence crossed several streams without bridges; they came to one, down the banks of which the postilion drove with the greatest speed to which he could provoke his team.

'When, in the middle, however,' says the author, 'we were near stopping; for the river, which was much swollen, entered at the bottom of the diligence, washing through the wheels, and striking against the flanks of our horses, until it rendered them powerless, and had well nigh driven them from their legs. They were for a moment at a stand; but the whip and the voice of the postilion encouraged them to greater exertion, and, after much struggling, they succeeded in dragging the coach over the stones at the bottom of the torrent, and in bringing it safely to land.

'We were not alone in this little embarrassment; for there was a party of about a hundred Frenchmen crossing the stream at the same time. They were going to join a regiment at Barcelona, and with the exception of a few *vieux moustaches* among the non-commissioned officers, who did not need their stripes of service to proclaim them veterans, they were all conscripts, as any one who had seen Vernet's inimitable sketches would readily have conjectured. It happened that there was a small foot-bridge, only one plank in width, which stood on upright posts driven into the bottom of the stream. The water was now nearly even with the top, and in some places flowed over. This, however, afforded a more agreeable way of crossing, than wading the river with water to the arm-pits. The commander of the party had already passed, and stood, buttoned in his *capot* and with folded arms, upon an

eminence beyond the stream, watching the motions of his followers. Those of the soldiers who had already crossed, stood upon the bank, laughing and hallooing at the unsteady steps of the conscripts, as they came faltering over with caps and coats fitting them like sacks, and their muskets held out before them to assist in maintaining a balance. Though many tottered, only two or three fell, and these came to land well drenched, to the infinite amusement of their comrades. Last came a young sub-lieutenant, evidently on his first campaign, tripping along the plank with the airy step of a *muscadin*. Unfortunately, just as he had cleared two thirds of the bridge, and was quickening his pace with an air of great self-complacency, a flaw of wind, rushing down the ravine, caught the skirts of his oil-cloth coat, and throwing him out of the perpendicular, he fell full length, like a threshers fish, upon the water. The soldiers respected the feelings of their officer and repressed their mirth; they rushed into the stream, each with exclamations of anxiety for *mon lieutenant*, and soon drew him to land dripping with the water, from which his patent cloak had not availed to protect him.' pp. 18, 19.

The author gives a very lively description of the Catalans he met with at Tordera, whose dress seems to be sufficiently striking and singular.

'The men were of large stature, perfectly well made and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances; partly, by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half way down the ribs, and studded thickly with silver buttons, at the breasts, lapels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the arm-pits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes in Spain, who say, that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow sashes of red or yellow silk; some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red, and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The

most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer the look of a cut-throat. Whether from the association of the *bonnet rouge*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

‘As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings; a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish *mantilla* is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with the more costly material. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever-moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavor to conceal her neck furnishes a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well-turned ankle, terminated in a round, little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were, besides, of graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace, and ease, and fascination of the *Provençale*, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun.’ pp. 19, 20.

The author gives a good sketch of the scene presenting itself on his coming in prospect of the Mediterranean, soon after leaving Tordera, and describes the journey as very pleasant along the coast, where the route often passes through neat-looking villages of two rows of houses, mostly of one story, with plastered and whitewashed walls, and roofs covered with red tiles. They arrived at Barcelona on Sunday evening before sunset, and entered the capital of Catalonia with the concourse of the inhabitants and French officers and soldiers, making altogether a very variegated, fantastical group, who had been out to recreate themselves in the promenades and fields, and were hastening to enter the town before the gates should be closed

for the night. Here the French captain, who had been a fellow traveller with the author from Perpignan, had reached the rendezvous of his regiment, but they did not separate for their respective lodgings without exchanging addresses, as a pledge of further acquaintance; and, though we are afraid of too early exhausting the capacity of our article for quotations, we cannot withhold from our readers the very descriptive and animated picture of this survivor of the Russian campaign. Besides, the sketch is a good specimen of the life led by the officers of an army of occupation. Our traveller and a young Frenchman, with whom he had made acquaintance in the diligence, had no sooner settled their lodgings at the *Fonda of the Four Nations*, than they sallied out to find those of the captain, whom they at length discovered in a little room overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona.

‘As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a *schaiko*, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau, containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and movable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertaining us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed, his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet which he had prepared from the cuff of his capot, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy, instead of a signature at the bottom, had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were done up in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of mustaches, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.

‘When we were about to depart, our captain said that he was going to the *caserne* of his regiment, to assist in an assault of arms which was to be given by the officers, and asked us to go with him. The scene of the assault was a basement room. The pave-



ment of pounded mortar was covered with plank, to make it more pleasant to the feet. We found a couple already fencing, and our companion soon stripped to prepare for the encounter. It was singular to see the simplicity of his dress. When he removed his boots to put on the sandal, his feet were without stockings, and under his close-buttoned capot there was no waistcoat, nothing to cover his shaggy breast, but a coarse linen shirt without a collar; for the French officers wear nothing about the neck beside a stock of black velvet edged with white. Having taken off the sword-belt which hung from his shoulder, and bound his suspenders round his loins, he rolled his sleeves up, chose a mask and foil, and was ready to step into the arena. It appeared that our captain was master of his weapon, from the difficulty in finding him an antagonist. This, however, was at length removed, by the stepping forth of a close-built little *sabreur*. It was a fine display of manly grace, to see the opening salutations of courtesy, and the fierce contest that ensued, as they alternately attacked and defended, winding themselves within the guard of each other with the stealth and quickness of the serpent, and glaring from within their masks with eyes of fire. The buttons of their foils were not covered with leather, as is usual among more moderate fencers, lest the motion of the points should be embarrassed. Hence the rough edges, as they grazed the arm or struck full upon the breast, brought blood in several places. This same weapon, the foil, is generally used by the French military in duels, with the single preparation of cutting off the button. When the assault was concluded, the antagonists removed their masks and shook hands, as is the custom, in order to remove any irritation that might have occurred during the contest. Then commenced a brisk and earnest conversation upon the performance, furnishing matter for many compliments and never-ending discussion. During a year's residence in France, I had never before met with any one who had taken part in the campaign of Russia; as I now looked, however, upon the muscular arms of the captain and his iron conformation, I was not surprised that he had been of the few who had gone through the horrors of that disastrous expedition.' pp. 23, 24.

Our traveller's room at the inn overlooked a field encumbered with the ruins of a convent of Capuchins, which had been demolished during the troubles of the Peninsula. The site had been sold under the constitution; and the purchasers were already collecting materials to build, when church and state, and the French army under the Duke of Angoulême, dispossessed them of their purchase; and the Capuchins, now returning one after another, like bees hovering about their de-

molished hive, had laid hands upon the materials collected by the dispossessed purchasers, and were moving to and fro in their long beards, dingy gray dresses, and rope girdles, directing some twenty or thirty workmen in laying anew the foundations of their cloisters. In describing the various groups making up the passing and repassing throng in the *Rambla*, or public walk, in front of the inn, the writer particularly distinguishes the clergy, who very naturally occupy much of his attention, as well as that of every other traveller in this singular country. But this easterly corner of the Peninsula seems to be peculiarly blessed with this consecrated part of Spanish society, the number of priests, and 'friars, black, white, and gray,' being, as he says, two per cent. of the whole population of Catalonia. One person, out of fifty inhabitants, is equivalent to one out of every twelve and a half of the able-bodied male population, a proportion which would be altogether incredible, if these devout persons were all wholly incumbents, one to every eleven, on the industry of their lay neighbors. The truth is, however, that many of them, in a great measure, support themselves by laboring with their own hands in their gardens. But after making all possible allowances in their favor, this ecclesiastical incubus weighs sorely enough upon the energies, both moral and physical, of the Spanish nation.

The author gives a very pleasing account of this city, the third in Spain, being next in population to Valencia and Madrid; the sketch of its history is well drawn, and not too long; the passages, which he commemorates, are all striking,—its foundation by the Carthaginian, Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal,—the Roman town, the arches and pillars of which are incorporated with the present buildings of the oldest part of the city,—the pompous spectacle exhibited in the public square, or *plaza*, where Ferdinand, in presence of his courtiers, received from Columbus the tribute of the first-fruits of the New World,—and the first experiment of steam navigation made in 1543, with an engine invented by Blasco de Garay. But we pass over the description of the city and its environs, to give an account of the *noria*, a simple machine used for raising water from the wells, for the purpose of irrigating the fields, to which they owe their fertility. We wish to attract the attention of our cultivators to the subject of irrigation, for which a great many parts of our country afford so great facilities, not hitherto applied to any practical advantage.

‘The *noria* consists of a vertical wheel placed over a well, and having a band of robes passing round it, to which earthen jars are affixed. These jars, set in motion by the turning of the wheel, descend empty on one side, pass through the water in the well below, and having small holes in the bottom for the air to escape, fill easily, before they ascend on the opposite side. A little water leaks from the air-holes during the ascent, and falls from jar to jar. When arrived at the top, the water is emptied into a trough leading to a reservoir, so placed as to overlook every part of the field which it is intended to irrigate. Connected with the reservoir is a basin for washing clothes. As for the vertical wheel which immediately raises the water, it receives its motion from a horizontal one, turned by a horse, cow, mule, or more commonly an ass. There is something primitive in this rude machine, that carries one back to scripture scenes and oriental simplicity. Often have I sat by the road-side for an hour together, watching the economy of these little farms, such as one may see in the environs of Barcelona. While the laborer was digging among his lettuces, that old-fashioned animal, the ass, performed unbidden his solemn revolutions; the wheel turned, and the ropes of grass brought up the jars and emptied them of their burthen, while at the neighboring reservoir a dark-haired and dark-eyed damsel would be upon her knees beside the basin, her petticoats tucked snugly around her, and as she rubbed the linen with her hand, or beat it against the curbstone, singing some wild, outlandish air, like anything but the music of Europe.—Much labor is doubtless lost by the rude construction of the *noria*; but the system of irrigation, with which it is connected, is an excellent one, and is the means of fertilizing lands which must otherwise have remained uncultivated.’ p. 28.

After passing the Ebro at the ferry near its mouth, and arriving at Amposta on its western bank, the traveller is struck with the entire change of personal appearance, physiognomy, and costume of the inhabitants. Though he is still in the province, or kingdom, of Catalonia, still he seems here to meet with the manners and race of the neighboring kingdom of Valencia, that stretches along the coast of the Mediterranean some two hundred miles in a southwesterly direction; the capital of which, the second city of Spain in population, is the next destination of the traveller. Instead of the long pantaloons of the Catalans, reaching from their shoulders to the ground, these Valencians wear short linen small-clothes, *bragas*, which tie over the hips with a drawing-string, and, like the Highland kilt, terminate above the knee. But the long, hanging, point-

ed, red woollen cap is common to both districts. The leg is either bare or covered with a footless stocking or a sort of leathern gaiters. Instead of the velvet jacket and silver buttons of the Catalan, the Valencian wears a sort of sack-formed garment over his shoulders, which serves both as a bag and a garment. In this he carries the seed-corn in sowing or planting in the fields. At this little town of Amposta, on the bank of the Ebro, the writer fills his journal with a group of card-players before the entrance of the court-yard of the inn, sitting with their bare legs crossed, very intent upon their game; and the motley collection of boxes, straw panniers, fodder for the mules, and supper for the guests in the dining-room of the inn. He remarks that pork is one of the ingredients in almost every dish, the frequent use of which by the Spaniards grew out of the persecutions of the Jews, when the eating of this meat was a practical profession of faith, and proof of orthodoxy.

As this part of the tour, from the Ebro to Valencia, affords the author an opportunity of treating his readers to a robbery, we ought to give some little account of his companions, by way of introduction to this incident. They consisted of a Valencian shopkeeper, dressed in as many colors as a harlequin, but affable and good-natured withal; his wife, a little *en bon point*, as is usual with Spanish married ladies; with their pretty daughter of fifteen; a company of Valencian students, dressed in black, as usual in Spain, without even the relief of a white collar; and a friar. Our traveller is as much troubled with the rapacity of his young companions at this Amposta inn, as Captain Hall was with that of his fellow-guests at the inns in the United States, and the author admits, that the magnificent apartments and luxurious tables of a North River steamboat afford a scene of equal vivacity of appetite. These black, little Catalan collegians incontinently plunged into the first dishes with a very keen alacrity, to the inconvenience of their fellow-feasters, who were for a time obliged to be content with what the intrepid youths spared of each dish. But after assuaging their ardor by repeated assaults upon the garlic-flavored viands, they began to offer to others the dishes of which they had partaken, and at length to help others before serving themselves. Their politeness was more particularly directed to the fair *Valenciana*; and when the desert came, each one of them who sat near, after paring an apple, offered her a portion of it on

the end of a knife, which she always accepted, eating either the whole or a part, as if obliged so to do by usage. And the young men accompanied these civilities with sundry gallant speeches, all which seemed to be a great violation of propriety to our young traveller, who was fresh from the modest reserve of French damsels ; but not so to the parents, who felt quite secure while their daughter was in their sight ; nor to the young lady herself, who received the civilities in good part, and occasionally replied to the compliments of her new acquaintances with a sprightly freedom.

The diligence started at two o'clock in the morning ; and while it was winding about the hills, and ascending and descending the declivities along the coast, on its way to Valencia, the conductor (*mayoral*) being comfortably rolled up in his box asleep, having left his team to his postilion, José or Pepe, whom he affectionately called Pepito, an interesting, sprightly boy ; and while our traveller, who, together with his companions, had fallen into a slumber, was just dreaming of being on the last stage of his journey towards his home, the coach was suddenly stopped, and the momentum of his body, acquired from its velocity, threw him against the forward pannel, and effectually dispersed his dreams.

‘ There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I now raised myself erect on my seat, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows.

‘ By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees ; and that the mules having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been curtailed of their open column, and brought together into a close huddle, where they stood as if afraid to move, with pricked ears and frightened, gazing upon each other in dumb wonder at the unaccustomed interruption. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to unravel the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap was drawn closely over his forehead, reaching far down the back, and his striped *manta*, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared so fiercely upon the visage of the conductor, then in contact with the end of it, that it seemed to reflect the light of

the lantern. On the other side the scene was somewhat different. Pepe being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road-side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket ere he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the tree towards which he started, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself out upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

‘I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the *mayoral* as to the number of passengers he had brought; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding “*La bolsa!*” in a more angry tone. The poor fellow did as he was told; he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, he said, “*Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!*” or, “Take it, sir, but leave my life!” Such, however, did not seem to be his intention. He went to the road-side, and bringing a stone from a large heap which had been collected to be broken and thrown on the road, he fell to beating the *mayoral* upon the head with it. The unhappy man when thus assailed, sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad*; he invoked the interposition of *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgen del Pilar*, and all those sainted names, which, being accustomed himself to hear pronounced with awful reverence, were most likely to prove efficacious in arresting the fury of his assassin. But he might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him as of the wretch to whose fell fury it had furnished a weapon. He struck and struck again, until becoming at length more earnest in the task he laid his musket beside him and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows at first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, and when this became too strong to bear, it worked its own cure. The shrieks declined into low and inarticulate moans, which, with a deep drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

‘It fared no better, nay even worse with Pepe, though instead of the cries for pity which had availed the *mayoral* so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the youthful appearance of the lad would have ensured him compassion. But the case was different.

The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and being acquainted with him, dreaded recognition; so that what in almost any situation in the world would have formed a claim to kindness was here an occasion of cruelty. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation followed in a low tone between the ruffians; and then they proceeded to execute the further plans which had been concerted between them. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel as an additional security against escape, he opened the door of the interior, and, mounting on the steps, I could hear him distinctly uttering a terrible threat in Spanish, and demanding an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian store-keeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a moment in the door of the interior, he did not come to the *cabriolet*, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used great caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before at Amposta that it contained no women, but six young students who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down one by one from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie down flat upon their faces in the road.

‘Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, had returned to the spot where the *zagal* Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it he placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him many blows, moving over every part of the body as if anxious to leave none unsaluted. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back into his corner, and hid his face within his shivering fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife as it entered its victim; it was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hollow hissing noise as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog’s death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate without the power to raise an arm of interposition.

‘Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded

murderer came to the door of the *cabriolet*, and endeavored to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him ; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought from the circumstance that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore, from my waistcoat pocket, and stowed it snugly in my boot ; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. The conference was but a short one. They stood a moment over the *mayoral* and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

‘ In consequence of the darkness, which was only partly dispelled by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathing and chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone ; whilst our mutilated guides by groans and writhing gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and having looked round awhile we opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anxious conversation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised for the six students who had occupied the *rotunda*, and who having been made to come down one by one, deliver their money and watches, and then stretch themselves out in the road upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, and with their cocked hats of the same solemn color, emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until finding that we were of the party they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding the threat which the robbers made to them at their departure,



as we afterwards heard, to wait by the road-side and shoot down the first person who should offer to stir.' pp. 47-50.

In this distressed condition the party were obliged to remain, as they were, in the highway, until the *alcalde* of a neighboring village could be sent for. At length a fat little officer appeared, with a red cockade in token of his loyalty ; and when he had very deliberately taken note of the transaction, and the two mangled conductors had been put into a cart to be carried back to Amposta, where they both died of their wounds, two of the patrolling guards, whose business it is to scour the country in pursuit of robbers, cut the rope, which had been stretched across the road and had so suddenly stopped the mules, and conducted the diligence on to San Carlos, the next village on their route. They proceeded on to Valencia without any other accident, passing on the way through Murviedro, a small town on the coast, some fifteen or twenty miles north from Valencia, on the site of the ancient Saguntum, which the author commemorates by giving a short account of Hannibal's siege. From Valencia the route still keeps the coast, *for*, but not *towards*, Madrid some fifty miles to the city of San Felipe, which is as far as Valencia from Madrid. At San Felipe, the road turns in a northwesterly direction for the capital of Spain, and after rising gradually until it has ascended to the height of two thousand feet, you come to the wide plain of New Castile, in which rises the branches of the river Guadiana, which discharges into the Atlantic on the southern boundary of Portugal. This plain the author represents at this season, early in November, as being sufficiently chill, dreary, and monotonous. Small decaying villages are scattered at great distances, between which are no habitations, as the danger of robbery prevents the inhabitants from dispersing their dwellings ; and not a tree or shrub is to be seen in the wide unbroken prospect. This nakedness of the country is occasioned by a prejudice of the inhabitants, that trees, by giving shelter to birds, would only invite invaders to their scanty crops. According to the description given by the author, it seems a strip lying between the highlands and Mediterranean, along his route, is comparatively fertile, populous, and busy ; but on ascending to the wide table-land, for almost the whole distance to Madrid, the signs of fertility and industry disappear.

And so our conductor brings us to Madrid, having met and being about to meet a thousand adventures, and noting a

thousand circumstances, characteristic of Spanish character, manners, and ways of life, which we cannot notice. Indeed we have not often travelled with a writer, who selected his objects and incidents better, prosed less, or described and narrated in a more graphic and lively style, or made more sensible and pertinent remarks. His journal at Madrid from the fifth or sixth of November, to the eleventh of April, including his excursions to Segovia and Toledo, is full of interest and information. Among the numerous passages which might be selected in this part of the work (for the difficulty is in choosing, not in finding), we take the account of Don Valentin with whom he took up his quarters for the winter, as throwing incidentally some light upon the government, the character of the king, and the state of things in Spain. He had already agreed with his instructor, an *impurificado*, that is, a person who had been in service under the constitution, and had not received that sort of acquittal granted, by certain associations of loyalists, to those who had not been flagrant patriots, and who would pay for this purification. This person was Don Diego, who had, under the constitution, been employed in the office of the secretary of state. Diego recommended to his pupil to take lodgings at Don Valentin's, of whom the following account is given.

‘Don Valentin was a native of Logronio in the fertile canton of Rioja. He was by birth a *hidalgo*, or noble in the small way, after the manner of Don Quixote, and had been of some importance in his own town, of which he was one of the *regidores*. In the political ups and downs of his country, he had several times changed his residence and occupation; was by turns a dealer in cattle which he purchased in France or in the northern provinces of the Peninsula, to strengthen the stomachs of the combatants, who disputed for the possession of Spain; or else a cloth merchant, keeping his shop in the same house where he now lived, near the *Puerta del Sol*. His last occupation was interrupted, according to his own account, in a very singular way. Whilst he had been *regidor* in Logronio, the *Ayuntamiento* of the town became acquainted with the hiding-place in which some French troops, in retreating rapidly towards the frontier, had deposited a large quantity of plate and valuables, robbed from the royal palace. On the return of Ferdinand, the account of the buried plate reached his ears; and having likewise learned that there was a man in Madrid who knew where it had been concealed, he sent at once for Don Valentin, who was the person in question. When

informed by his majesty that he was required to conduct a party to the place of concealment, he was reluctant to comply. He urged the situation of his affairs. If his store continued open, it would be pillaged by the clerks, who are the most unprincipled fellows, except the *escribanos*, to be found in Spain; and if it were to be shut up, he would lose both present and future custom. Besides, the other *regidores*, his colleagues in the municipality, were yet alive and still resided at Logronio. He hoped, therefore, that his majesty would not send him from his affairs, for he was but a poor man, and had a wife and daughter. These excuses, however, were not satisfactory, and were set aside. Ferdinand promised to recompense all losses that Don Valentin might sustain by abandoning his trade, and to pay him well for the sacrifice; he ended by putting it upon his loyalty. Don Valentin was an Old Castilian; so he hesitated no longer, but sold out, shut his shop and went off to Rioja.

‘Whether it was owing to the small number of persons who had been knowing to the secret, or to the sacredness with which the Spaniards regard everything which belongs to their religion and their king, the treasure was all found untouched in the place of its concealment. It was brought safely to Madrid, Don Valentin being at the expense of transportation. He now presents his various claims to government, for damages suffered by loss of trade, and for the expenses of the journey, including the subsistence of the foot soldiers, who had served as escort, which he had defrayed from his own purse. These claims were readily admitted, and an early day appointed for their liquidation. The day at length comes, but the money does not come with it. Don Valentin has an audience of the king; for no king can be more accessible than Ferdinand. He receives the royal word for the payment; for no king could be more compliant. He has many audiences, receives many promises, but no money. Meantime he lives upon hope, and the more substantial balance remaining from the sale of his stock. These were near failing together when the year 1820 brought some relief to the misfortunes of Spain. It likewise improved the condition of Don Valentin. Taking advantage of the publicity which was allowed in Spain by the new system, he establishes a reading-room, where all the daily papers of the capital and of the chief cities of Europe were regularly received. This went on very well, until the French, who never yet came to Spain on any good errand, overthrew the Constitution. The liberty of thought and speech fell with it. Don Valentin was invited to shut up his reading-room, and he once more retired to live upon his savings, amounting to some ten or twelve hundred dollars, which he had stowed away in a secret corner of his dwelling. This was taken out, piece by piece, to meet the necessities of his

family, until one day the house was entered by three robbers, who muzzled the old woman with a towel, tied her to the bedstead, and then carried off, not only the earnings of Don Valentin, but silver spoons and forks and everything of any value, to the very finery of Florencia. This last blow laid poor Don Valentin completely on his back. All that he now did was to take the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which his wife let out to such curious people as came to read them in the common entry of their house. This furnished the trio, of which the family consisted, with their daily *puchero*; his daughter with silk stockings and satin shoes, to go to mass and walk of a feast-day upon the Prado, and himself with now and then his paper *cigarillo*.' pp. 90-92.

The author having established himself with Don Valentin, of whose family and domestic economy he gives a very distinct picture, he sallies out from his lodgings daily in pursuit of the lions of the metropolis. He remarks in regard to the situation of this city, that it is by far the most elevated capital in Europe, being two thousand feet above the ocean, and accordingly many times the height of most others, and twice that of Geneva, which is the next highest. This extraordinary height of the metropolis and whole neighboring district is one cause of the severity of the winter in this latitude. He states that in the winter of 1825-6, some of the sentinels of the royal palace were frozen to death in their boxes, though stationed but for half an hour, and though they were Swiss, who might be supposed to be more able to resist frost than the native inhabitants.

Madrid has fifty public fountains from which the water is carried to the houses by people who make it a business, and this is wholly in the hands of Gallicians and Asturians, who bear water about the city until they have made a small fortune of two or three hundred dollars, and then selling out the good will of their district or range to some successor, retire to their native country to pass the rest of their lives in a comfortable independence. Some of the water-bearers carry water about the streets, selling it by the glass-full to those who pass. They are represented as a rough set, little regardful of ordinary courtesies, who never turn from the narrow side-walk for any one. One day Don Diego, the instructor of our traveller, entered his room with his hat in his hand, endeavoring to rid it of a dint, and cursing the *Gallego* who had run against him at the turning of a corner. He had undertaken to lecture him, but the *Gallego* putting down his keg, and drawing himself up with

dignity, said to him, 'I am a noble, and you, may be, are no more.'

We were struck with the author's account of the figure made by the prompter at the Spanish theatres.

'He is always placed in a tin pulpit, which rises a few feet above the floor, and which is reached from below. The tin, being polished and kept bright, reflects the glare of the lights between which the pulpit is placed, and renders it a most conspicuous object. Hence the prompter reads the whole of the piece, which is afterwards repeated by the players. His book and hand usually project upon the boards, and are seen pointing from one to another of the actors, to indicate whose turn it is. His voice is always audible, and, occasionally in a pathetic part, his declamation becomes loud and impassioned, and he forgets where he is, until called back by the audience. Since the prompter precedes the actor, you frequently know in anticipation what the latter is to say, and the idea is conveyed by the ears before you see the action which is meant to accompany it. After a while the actor draws himself up in a mysterious way, to repeat to you a secret which is already in your possession. This is even more monstrous than the custom which prevailed in the infancy of the Greek drama, of having one man to speak and another to gesticulate.' p. 129.

Some of the public institutions of Madrid appear to be upon a very liberal, magnificent scale, particularly the royal library, consisting of two hundred thousand volumes offered freely to the use of all persons, with a commodious provision of chairs, tables, &c., thirteen persons in all being employed in attendance upon, and superintendence of the establishment. Liberal provision is also made for lectures and instruction in the arts, especially that of painting, in which the Spanish masters hold a very high rank; and the author finds among their works numerous pieces of which he speaks particularly, and for the most part, with great admiration.

Though the Spanish national spectacle of a bull-fight has been often described, we should copy the very animated account of one witnessed by the writer at Madrid had we not already quoted so largely.

Having gratified his curiosity at the capital, the author took his departure early in April for Cordova; and on this journey also, besides those incidents and novelties with which he has a happy talent of filling his journal, he has another opportunity of giving an account of a robbery, for the diligence had but just passed the site of the inn where Don Quixote watched

his armor and was dubbed knight errant, when it was stopped by the robber, Cacaruco, who with his companions proceeded to plunder the passengers, alleging in excuse that he had no other way of bringing up a large family with any decency. But his family was not long to enjoy the benefit of his industry, for the author learned, before leaving Spain, that he had been seized and executed.

In his account of Cordova, as well as in that of Seville, Cadiz, and of Gibraltar, where the journey ends, the author perhaps introduces historical recapitulations a little too copiously, which can be usually resorted to advantageously by a writer of travels, only for those striking events and incidents, which give a greater interest to living characters and present objects or places visited. As the journal proceeds, there is a little abatement of the freshness of coloring and individuality in the description usually imparted to a traveller's style by the novelty of objects on first entering a country, and the distinct and strong impressions consequently made upon his own mind. From this cause, as might naturally be expected, from Cordova to the termination of the journey, the journal is less free, rapid, and vivacious than before. But it does not by any means sink into indifferent travels-making. We cannot but think that the historical epitome in the concluding part of the volume, might have been advantageously omitted, for the same reason that we should have preferred less of history in some of the preceding parts; and the pages in which the latitude, longitude, climate, fertility of soil, and other well known geographical and statistical facts, are given, add little to the value of the work, not because the author betrays want of talent or information in those abstracts, but because they are not what readers look for in a volume of this description.

Some parts of the division under the title of 'General view of Spain,' are among the best portions of the book. The sections upon the revenue, the army, the government, and the clergy, are full of interesting facts and just reflections; and the general view of the Spanish character bears marks of a mind of penetrating observation and good skill in generalizing. In this part of the book the author takes occasion, in a note, to pay a just tribute to the character and reputation of Mr Everett, our late minister to Spain, whom he found at Madrid.

We quote the sketch of Ferdinand the Seventh, whose administration of the government, the author, and justly no doubt,

attributes more to the clergy and the character of the great body of Spanish peasantry, than to any positive qualities and dispositions of his own.

‘From these causes, then, and not from the sovereign will of a single individual, originate those persecuting decrees and apostolic denunciations, which have brought on Ferdinand the appellation of bloody bigot, and all the hard names in the calendar of abuse. There is much reason to believe, on the contrary, that he cares little for religion; and though by way of flattering the clergy and the nation, he may once have made a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, yet if the truth were known, he would doubtless be willing to do less for her than for any living *Manola* or *Andaluza*. The character of the present king is, indeed, little known in foreign countries, where, from the mere fact of his being called *El Rey Absoluto*, everything is supposed to emanate from his individual will. His character is not, in fact, so much a compound of vices, as made up of a few virtues and many weaknesses. He is ready to receive the meanest subject of his kingdom, and is said to be frank, good-humored, accessible, courteous, and kingly, in an unusual degree. He will listen attentively to those who appeal to him, appear convinced of the justice of what they ask, and promise compliance, without ever returning to think of the matter. Facility is his great foible, and yet is he occasionally subject to irritability and a disposition to be wrongheaded and have his own way, to the no small inconvenience of those who undertake to direct him. The faults of Ferdinand are partly natural, partly the effect of education. Instead of being trained up and nurtured with the care necessary to fit him for the high station to which he was born, his youth was not only neglected, but even purposely perverted.

‘Godoy, whose views were of the most ambitious kind, took great pains to debase the character and understanding of Ferdinand. With this view, and partly perhaps to get rid of his own cast-off courtesans, he not only abandoned him without restraint to the ruling passion of his family, but even threw temptation in his way, well knowing the debasing effect of those early indulgences, which sap the moral and physical energies of youth. Thus a life of uninterrupted sensuality has deadened every manly and generous sentiment. The person of the king was noble and prepossessing in his youth, when he is said to have been the most graceful horseman of his kingdom. In 1808 he was the idol of every heart in the nation. Had he but proved worthy of this devoted loyalty, Spain would present us with a different spectacle. Even now, though his figure has been bent by long indulgence, and his features engraven with heaviness and sen-

suality, yet is his appearance still rather pleasing than otherwise. There is about him a look of blunt good humor and rough jollity, which gives a flat denial to the cruelty ascribed to him. He is said to have a leaning towards liberalism—weak, perhaps, in proportion to the inefficiency of his character, yet rendered probable by the fact, that he is now more detested by the ruling party, and acting under much more restraint, than in the most boisterous period of the Constitution.’ pp. 380, 381.

After what we have said, it is hardly necessary to add, that, on the whole, we think very favorably of the work ; and the extracts we have made, being tolerably fair specimens, will, we doubt not, be thought by our readers to justify this opinion, and recommend it more effectually to their attention, than any general praise we could bestow. The modest pretensions of the author would entitle him to a liberal indulgence, if the faults of his production required it ; but, compared with its merits, they are few and trivial. Though he proposes his book as the production of a youth, there is nothing in it of juvenile, excepting, perhaps, the rather enthusiastic admiration, and frequent mention, of female charms. The opinions seem to be formed with deliberation, and the reflections, in general, bear the marks of a just thinking.

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ART. IX.—*Titi Livii Patavini Historiarum Liber Primus et Selecta quædam Capita.* Curavit Notulisque instruxit CAROLUS FOLSOM, Academiæ Harvardianæ olim Bibliothecarius. Cantabrigiæ, Sumptibus Hilliard et Brown. 1829. 12mo. pp. 296.

THIS selection from the remains of the great Roman historian, is designed for the use of those students in our higher schools, colleges, and universities, who have surmounted the difficulties of grammatical construction in the Latin language, and who are prepared to enter on a course of reading, where the higher qualities of style, as well as the structure, sentiments, and general execution of a work, become objects of attention. For this purpose, we know not how a book could be better adapted, than that which we have now named. Livy has been reckoned, even from his own time, among the greatest masters of historical composition ; and his copiousness, no-